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ANSWER TO A QUERY PUT TO SOME LADIES.

IT is asked, "At what time of life does a woman shine most conspicuous?" A very fair question, but rather an odd one for the *ladies*. Are not the *men* better able to judge of us than we ourselves? Will they not be less partial, and more adequate to the task of answering so serious a question? Pardon me, if I say, I think you have imposed too weighty a burden upon us, and beg you will not suppose that I think myself equal to it, though I thus address you: it is only *my opinion* on the subject which I offer, with this hope, that some abler pen will treat it with the respect it deserves, and will look upon the time as well spent, in solving a question of so much importance as that of shewing the ladies, when and where they shine most; and by that means excite a spirit of emulation among them beyond the rivalship of dress!

Your query has opened a field for argument as large as that of beauty, for they both depend on opinion; and when that is the case, nothing decisive can be said; for there are as many opinions in the world as there are persons. *One* may think that a woman shines most conspicuous in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accomplishments, with the additional advantages of wealth and education to set them off. I own, she does shine most brilliantly: She charms and captivates the heart of MAN, and tempts him to make her legally his own, and that for ever. He then thinks himself blessed indeed, and feels as if nothing could make her more amiable in his eyes; yet the following supposed, yea, very possible case, may soon convince him of the contrary.

Misfortunes assail him, poverty conducts him to a prison; she follows him to his darksome dungeon, where her smiles shine with double lustre to those in which she had decked herself on the morning of her espousals; she illumines every corner of his gloomy cell, charms him with her affectionate eloquence and composed behaviour; she inspires a fortitude till then unknown to himself: she seems not only to be the mother of his children, but also of his virtues; and by rousing him from his lethargy, enables him to retrieve his fortune, and re-establish his credit.

Her efforts will then take another turn; she makes a home comfortable for him, and a large family; for whom she indures toilsome days, and sleepless nights; she feels all the hopes and fears of a tender mother, and anxious wife.

Bright as she appears also in this point of view, there is yet one in which she outshines them all. Suppose her daughters now grown up, (the boys she leaves to their father,) what a task has she then to perform! See her at the head of her table, surrounded with those who have no one else to look up to for example and support. She looks round with a tear caused by this reflection, "On my example depends the future happiness of these dear children, and shall I not exercise every attention to set a good one before them? For, what would my feelings be, on seeing them act wrong, with the additional pang of self-reproach?—Forbid it, heaven! and grant my conduct may be such, that they may venerate my memory when called away from them; before which time, I trust, their virtues will procure them protectors, who shall succeed me in treating them with the same tenderness."

Her prayers are heard; she lives to see her daughters worthily bestowed in wedlock; and her circle is enlarged by sons-in-law, unable to be sufficiently grateful for the precious deposits she has placed in their possession, owing all their value to her care and example.

What then are *her* husband's sensations? who, revolving in his mind the period when she, (as her daughters are now,) all blooming with youth and beauty, made a surrender of her charms, finds those joys inferior to what he now tastes, and rapturously exclaims, "This is the period in which a woman shines most conspicuous! for her children, like so many diamonds, reflect back her lustre, and surround her with a blaze of splendor." This is the opinion of her who subscribes herself

A WOMAN.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty—that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres, or expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking in themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas—which in general are so plain, and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning—and admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence. Persons, who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in the company of every lady, and much more of one of *your* youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid a pestilence: *this* can only affect your health, your life; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of virgin modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of approbation, while the archness of their looks give sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they, too, would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy—such is the terrible devastation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity, and rage for admiration, even the admiration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from shewing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers. And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more

difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate; until at length, by its frequency, it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear. Behold, my lovely girl, the blessed effects (too frequently) of a town education; and the expence at which those phantoms which are called politeness and good breeding are often purchased! But are there no exceptions to this censure? Yes, my dear girl, I acknowledge, with pleasure, that there are some bright examples, who, to all that real ease and elegance which the town would claim, though not very justly, as peculiar to itself, unite all the delicate reserve, blushing modesty, and sensibility of the country: in the number of these, you, my amiable sister, I am confident, will deserve a distinguished place.

All I ask of heaven for you, is, that you may never divest yourself of your present manners, but preserve them pure and untainted; then will you ever be admired, beloved, and esteemed. These are sentiments which few, my dear, will be honest enough to declare to you. Your own sex, conscious of the ascendency over our hearts, which the innocence and purity of your manners must give you, will be solicitous to laugh you out of them, as being aukward and unfashionable —the effects of a country education; and will endeavour to degrade you to a level with themselves. And the most of our sex, having nothing more in view, by their general intercourse with the ladies, than mere momentary pleasures, unmeaning gallantry, or the gratification of their vanity and self importance, care nothing about them, beyond the present hour; and are well pleased to take every liberty with which they can be indulged, as they are thereby freed from the restraint they must otherwise observe, and are furnished with a subject to boast of among their associates. And here, my dearest girl, I cannot dismiss this subject without giving you one caution. Oh! never let it give that little breast one moment's pain, to see a greater crowd of triflers buzzing round one of those pert forward things! May female vanity never excite in that gentle bosom, one transient wish to obtain their followers by imitating their conduct! Would my dear girl wish to have her lovely person all disfigured with sores, that she might be honoured with the attendance of a swarm of flies? Why, then, would you wish that your mind should be sullied, and your manners deformed, to draw round you a swarm of insects still more insignificant and contemptible?

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty with a bounteous hand: she has formed you with a person truly lovely. You are pretty; this will be told you by every dangler that may hang about you. But will they all be as honest as your brother, who, while he with pleasure acknowledges the justice of their praise, would wish you to act as though you alone were ignorant of your charms; and would be distressed to see you become proud and vain, and assume a thousand ridiculous and affected airs, which, to every person of sentiment, are infinitely more disgusting than all the ravages of the small-pox? Though you are beautiful, think not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be, my dear girl, as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be if you had not one single recommendation to our favour besides. Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment, strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily! at least those charms must wither and decay when the winter of live approaches: the beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endear beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar, and palls in possession: but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be ever still higher prized as they are better known. I have now only to claim your indulgence for a moment upon the article of dress, although it is a subject scarcely of sufficient importance to take up much time or consideration. Neatness and elegance is what you ought principally to have in view; every thing beyond that must be left in a great measure to your own taste, and the fashions of the day, which, as long as they are not inconsistent with decency, ought in some measure to be regarded, but in such a manner that you may not appear whimsically in, or singularly out, of them; and that your imitating them may seem rather a sacrifice made to the opinion of others, than to proceed from any fondness or approbation for them of your own. There is a degree of ill-nature in that satire and ridicule on female fashions and dress, many are so fond to adopt, which I acknowledge I could never approve. 'Tis true, if a girl devotes that time which ought to be employed in more important concerns, to the care of her person—if she places her supreme merit in her clothes and ornaments—if she assumes to herself consequence and state, and looks down superciliously on such as do not equal her in those respects—she then becomes the just object of our ridicule and contempt, be her dress what it will.

But from this folly, I am confident, my lovely girl is secure: she will always have too just an opinion of her own merit, to think it depends on those external appendages which she puts on and off every day at pleasure: she will always be sensible that she adds graces to her dress, instead of borrowing them from it: nor will she ever forget that "True loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most;" and if she imitates the reigning modes, it will be rather an act of condescension, and to avoid the imputation of singularity.

But while I would have you to give into such fashions as are innocent, and consistent with decency, I would conjure you, my dear girl, by all that solicitude I feel for your happiness, to spurn at every thing that is the contrary. Let who will imitate them, may you be nobly singular. When I see a young lady displaying to every licentious eye, her snow white bosom and panting breasts, with stays cut down before, the better to expose them to view—or when, to shew a fine ankle, the petticoat is shortened, until half the leg is exposed to our sight—I blush for her indelicacy, and am astonished at her folly.

Let me draw, my dear sister, the portrait I would have you to resemble. I would wish you possessed of that undefiled and benevolent religion, which descends from heaven, and refines and purifies the human heart—free from the rage of bigotry, the gloom of superstition, and the extravagances of enthusiasm. I would wish you to be unaffectedly modest, without prudery—cheerful, easy, and sociable, without levity, pertness, and forwardness—affable and frank, without ever forgetting that delicate reserve, absolutely necessary to support the dignity of your character, and to ban-

ish rudeness and licentiousness from your presence—well acquainted with books, without a pedantic display of your knowledge—sensible, without aiming at the character of a wit—possessed of every grace and beauty of person, yet in no one action appearing conscious of your superiority—adorned with every acquired accomplishment, without valuing yourself upon them—and all these blended and intermingled with that softness, that gentleness, and that tenderness peculiar to your sex. A few finishing strokes is all you want to render you the perfect likeness of this so beautiful a picture. It is in your power to obtain them.

I have now, my dear girl, very imperfectly executed what I had in view, when I took up my pen. Receive it as the strongest proof of my friendship for you. I have thrown these thoughts upon paper, that you may have them remaining by you, and would willingly hope that sometimes, in the hour of leisure and retirement, you may think them worth a second reading. I have omitted a thousand things I wished to have said; but have already made this letter too long.

Your affectionate Brother,

C. F.

On a Taste for Real Pleasures.

Pleasure is a common oblect, every one is engaged in the pursuit of it, and yet it is but seldom overtaken. This must undoubtedly be owing to our mistaking the right road to it, for nature does nothing in vain, and when she implanted that general desire in the breast of man, she could not withold from him the means of gratifying it.

The disorders of imagination, the illusions of self love, and a false delicacy of sense, are the sources from which we expect to derive happiness; and we are astonished when we find nothing but fatigue, disgust, and satiety. What is it that we seek in balls, in spectacles, and assemblies? This is the sentiment which we hope to find there, but for which we hope in vain. All the pleasures which cities afford are without taste or flavour. The open air is as necessary for the dilation of the heart, as for the expansion of flowers, and the heavens are the natural canopy of man. What would Ambition —what would avarice demand? Amass round you the treasures of both the Indies; place at your feet all the crowns of the earth; unite in your own person every thing that the most servile adulation can bestow; indulge in every thing which the most venal voluptuousness can purchase and imagine,—and you will see a Tiberias at Caprea, tormented with the void within his heart, and wanting a sentiment in the midst of the whole world!

Nature has placed within ourselves the source of our happiness. The first sentiment which calls the soul out of itself —that makes it feel, with bounding joy, the beating of the heart—that whispers to the heart, that it is not made for itself alone,—is, Filial Piety! What tender cares solicit it!—Desire expectation, &c. usher man into the life, under the protection of paternal tenderness. The cares of his infancy, the education of his youth, his establishment in society;—these are the kind services which he receives from the father;—what fond indulgence for his faults!—what active solicitude in all his cares! The father's eye foresees every thing, provides every thing; and, plunging into distant futurity, where he has nothing to hope for himself, he there secures before-hand a continuation of happiness for him who is to be his representative, when himself shall be no more.

Happy infancy!—tender and innocent age!—Who would not regret your delicious enjoyments, free from care! Without anxiety, without passions, you know life only by two lively sentiments, intended for the felicity of the mind---*Hope* and *Love!* Ah! were ye but conscious of your happy state---could ye but guard yourselves against the illusions which are just beginning to lead your imagination astray---you would be the image of Man in his Purity!---you would live tranquil under the protection of paternal providence and care, as we live under the ever-open eye of Supreme Goodness and Wisdom!

What pathetic scenes---what tender, what animated sentiment---does not domestic life produce!---a mother, fond to weakness!---brothers, sisters, relatives, friends! What a variety of connections! how many little internal occurrences!--- how many different situations, which are nothing in the eyes of the world, but are every thing to a heart of sensibility! Is there a spot in our paternal habitation in which the steps of a Provident Goodness are not imprinted and consecrated, as formerly in the land of Canaan, by some monument of a tender and religious sentiment? Here I have received a proof of tenderness!---there, a mark of indulgence!---Here I imbibed pious lessons and maxims, which shall ever be for me the tables of the law! I will transmit them as they were transmitted to me, and with the authority of an example more.

Mature age would be that of the plenitude of happiness intended for man, did he remain obedient to the inspirations of Nature. His knowledge is acquired, his experience is formed, the intellectual and corporeal being is in its full perfection. Become the father of a family and a proprietor,---what a delicious source of sentiments is opened in his heart!---what a vast sphere for his thoughts to reign in!

To isolated man, life is monstrous; and without interest, his days succeed to to each other without variety: society produces nothing but uniform scenes, and even the passions range in a confined circle. But for a father, the education of his children; their progress in learning; the unfolding of their minds; the prognostics whence to form an opinion of their dispositions; his hopes; his fears; the plans which connect the future to the present, and give to man the enjoyment of the time when he shall be no more:--- such are the pleasures which Nature proposes to a wise and enlightened parent, who feels the dignity of his state, and the obligations which he has contracted, by accepting the august privilege of perpetuating his species!

COMMUNICATION.

Philadelphia, 25th July, 1804.

To Misses Sidney Meekeye, Latitia Peep and Rebecca Blushwell.

LADIES,

Having observed in the sixth number of the Weekly Monitor, that you call on the editor to take the Fops in hand, I am induced from personal motives to answer you before I am taken into custody, bearing something the appearance of a Fop though not justly entitled to the name, and I hope in the course of this epistle to make it appear justifiable in the young men to take good notice of the ladies as they pass.—Ignorant as we are of ourselves in general, in particular we are much more so with respect to that part of us, which constitute the female part of our species,—and solicitous as we are to acquire that necessary knowledge, yet the most minute and subtle inquiry is baffled, and the most penetrating look eluded. You say you are willing to be looked at, this we did not doubt, being sufficiently manifest,---but if permitted to look, why not to purpose? what shall we make out by those superficial glances. ---However we profess to owe you a

compliment for your voluntary condescention in unmasking yourselves to us, even so far as to lay open your bosoms to our inspection, and too, for the very great pains you have taken to make every thing appear as prominant and conspicuous as possible to our view,---yet we cannot feel freedom in complimenting you on your subsequent conduct; for although you have set the object before us in the most attractive and alluring form, yet if we look at it at all, it must be in the most slight and superficial manner, or we subject ourselves to your animadversion and displeasure, now I really think it tantelizing, arbitrary and unfair.—Suppose extreme curiosity in a minute and careful inquirer, should incline him to prove by other senses than his sight, the properties of those lovely ornaments of human nature, would it not be more consistent in you, passively to surrender yourself for his inspection, than to keep him at a distance in suspence, moiling in the mazy labyrinth of speculation and conjecture, perhaps drawing inferences, and conclusions equally preposterous and derogatory to characters.---So diversified are the genius, yet so similar the appearance of the ladies, that the eye af scrutiny becomes necessary to discriminate.

But my dear girls, I would not enter into a controversy with you, I only wished to remonstrate against such inadvertency, and if an irresistable curiosity should impel me to steal a peep from beneath my hat, or leer a little as I pass you by, (for I am really sometimes ashamed to look up) you will please take no notice of it.---Constrained by a sense of duty I owe to myself, I sometimes rest my sight on the fair group as they pass, having no other criterion by which to judge of their properties, but their movements and appearance,---perhaps you think we have no right to know or think any thing about you, if so, as soon as you set the example, by ceasing to inquire or think of us, we shall be equally indifferent, and I dare predict there shall be a great change in the order of our habiliments, but, it is not necessary to multiply words; if you will only alter your dress, and appear in the streets in a more proper and modest manner, you shall receive fewer of those sarcastic looks from the Fops; and too, if you could bring your minds under proper regulations, you would not fear to be looked at by any, for though the countenance is indicative of some of the emotions of the heart, yet if our views are direct we need no care if the world knew them. Hoping that when you have duly considered these propositions, you will think proper to withdraw your request, not wishing to inflict undue punishment on any. I conclude by subscribing myself a true respecter of the ladies.

A. M.

MARRIED,

On the twenty-second instant, Mr. Coffin, of Nantucket, to Miss Elizabeth Woodruff, of Southwark.

AN EVENING SONNET TO MARY.

The blustering winds are hush'd on high,
The darken'd clouds are all withdrawn;
And, stealing to the western sky,
The evening shades moye o'er the lawn.

The woodland pours its sweetest song,
That softly sinks as day retires,
And as it dies the vale along,
A harmony of soul inspires.

Calm as this closing hour of day,
And blest with harmony as sweet,
May Mary's seasons glide away,
And peace and joy her wishes meet;
And may no dark relentless storm,
Her tranquil happiness deform!

TERPE.

IL PACIFICO.

Me often times the dark-brow'd wood
Invites when in a sober mood,
Where deep amid the twilight shade
Musing I roam the sylvan glade;
Or reclin'd in leafy bower,
I woo the sweetly soothing power
Of Contemplation's sacred fire,
To raise my dull phantasy higher,
And open to my mental sight
Fairest visions of delight.
A new Arcadia spreads around
O'er all the wide enchanted ground,
Where purest rivers softly flow,
And trees with constant verdure grow.
I see the vast extensive plan
Of happiness design'd for man,
When he to meet the great design,
His stubborn will he doth resign
Unto the will of Him who knocks
At hard'ned hearts untill his locks
Are wet with humid dews of night,
So constantly he doth invite.
I see, as ancient Seers foretold,
The wolf and lamb dwell in one fold;
The leopard and the kid are laid
Peaceful together in the shade;
Thus comes the happy halcyon days
When cruel men, those beasts of prey,
Weary of war and hateful strife,
Shall learn to value human life.
Young lions tame with calves I see,
And fatlings all in harmony;
So gentle are they and so mild,
I see them led by a young child;
Thus shall the children of the great,
Descend from their exalted state,
And mix with those of low degree,
In virtue and equality.
The cow and bear together feed
Near both their young ones in the mead,
And men of a rough savage mind,
Become domestic and refin'd,
And all their children shall be brought
To Zion, and with hers be taught.
Now the fierce lion's hungry maw,
Ox-like is fill'd with simple straw;
Thus kings and heroes humbled low,
Aspiring passions shall forego,
And learn with other men to share
Nature's gifts as common fare;
Then rapine and oppression cease,
And all the Nations live in peace.

HESYCHASTES.

Paraphrase of Petrarch's celebrated sonnet, narrating a dream, whose prophecy was accomplished the very night in which the vision arose.—See Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin, by Anna Seward.

Dread dream, that hovering in the midnight air,
Clasp'd with thy dusky wing, my aching head,
While, to imagination's startled ear,
Toll'd the slow bell, for bright Eliza dead.

Stretch'd on her sable bier, the grave beside
A snow-white shroud her breathless bosom bound,
O'er her wan brow the shadowy crape was tied,
And loves, and virtues hung their garlands round.

From those cold lips did sweetest accents flow?
Round that pale mouth did sweetest dimples play?
On this dull cheek the rose of beauty blow,
And these dim eyes diffuse celestial day?

Did this cold hand unasking want relieve,
Or wake the lyre to every rapturous sound!
How sad, for other's woe, this breast would heave!
How light this heart for other's transport, bound!

Beats not the bell again?....Heav'ns! do I wake!
Why heave my sighs, why gush my tears anew!
Unreal forms my trembling doubts mistake,
And frantic sorrow fears the vision true.

Dream! to Eliza bend thy airy flight,
Go, tell my charmer all my tender fears,
How Love's fond woes alarm the silent night,
And steep my pillow in unpitied tears.